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FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

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WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

A Farce, in Two Acts.

BY CHARLES MATHEWS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.—WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

	Theatre Royal, London, 1865.	*Olympic, New York*, 1866.
Abel Tinkle	Mr. Chippendale.	Mr. J. H. Stoddart.
Jack Raggett	Mr. Charles Mathews.	Mr. E. L. Davenport.
Satanella	Mrs. Charles Mathews.	Mrs. John Wood.
Hannah	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.	Miss Eliza Newton.

PERIOD—PRESENT.

Time in Performance—One Hour and fifteen minutes.

RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R. means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 2d E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

822
M72w
1866

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-Room; table at back,* L. *; chairs; sofa,* R. C. *; fire-place with looking-glass over it,* R. 1 E. *; door,* 2 E. *; door open,* C. *; door,* L. 2 E. *; window,* L. 1 E.

Enter TINKLE, R. *door, with shaving-jug in his hand.*

Tinkle [*Calling*] Hannah! Bless my soul, how I've slept this morning; I'm getting a regular dormouse; my shaving water is as cold as ice. Hannah! dear, dear, how slow that girl is! If I wasn't used to her she'd almost put me out, and it takes a good deal to do that; anything for a quiet life, that is my motto. Talking of a quiet life, what a delicious dream I had last night—stupid things, dreams! I dreamt I was fishing in a little round pond with a bit of string and a crooked pin, and I kept catching turbots and codfish as fast as I could pull them out; and I was living in a little white villa with emerald green blinds and scarlet flower-pots; with a little fountain in front, nearly a foot high. Ah! shall I ever see that dream realized? It's the height of my ambition; I don't care about the turbots' or the codfish; but a white villa with emerald green blinds and scarlet flower-pots, and above all, a little fountain about a foot high, that's my idea of Paradise! So, as soon as I have married my daughter off—Hannah! Hannah! Bless my soul! Hannah! Hannah! Where the deuce can the girl be?

Enter HANNAH, R. *door.*

Hannah Why, here I am, sir!

Tin Didn't you hear me call?

Han In course I did, sir, I *heerd* you call me; I heerd you call me four times quite distinct.

Tin Then, why didn't you come at once?

Han I was having my dinner, sir. You wouldn't begrudge a poor girl her dinner, sir—would you? Ah! that you wouldn't!

Tin Well—no!

Han No, that you wouldn't—you're too good-natured for that; you are always so good-natured, and patient, and quiet, it's a pleasure to wait on you.

Tin Yes! but you don't wait on me; it's I who have to wait on you. Bring me some more hot water, that I may get shaved; and

tell me, Hannah,—there seems to be a most remarkable tranquillity in the house this morning. Isn't my daughter well?

Han Oh, yes, sir! Miss Satanella's gone out.

Tin Ah! that's it, then. I thought there must be something.

Han Young missus makes us jump about—don't she, sir? I never can make out how one so peaceable and quiet as you are should have a daughter so—

Tin So stormy, eh?

Han Yes, sir; she's a regular hurricane, ain't she?

Tin Why, you see, Hannah, it's a singular world, and odd things are always happening in it. If any one had told me, when I was quietly manufacturing muffins in the Minories, that I should ever go and marry a wife in Mexico, I should have exclaimed—"Nonsense, sir!"

Han And did you?

Tin Did I? I rather think I did! I'd a relation there—a distant relation—and hearing that muffins were unknown in those savage regions I resolved to speculate, and off I went. Oh! Hannah! such a success—all Mexico was muffin mad! You should have seen how the money tumbled in. Why, I'd a dozen little black boys in white nightcaps always at work—and a great bouncing Mexican shop girl, with eyes like blue bottles, and eyelashes—like blacking brushes. I was regularly in for it, and Hymen soon bound me with his fetters.

Han What! did you go and marry a blackamoor?

Tin She wasn't a blackamoor, Hannah, she was only a lovely copper. And so you see how I accidentally became father to a Mexican daughter—and all owing to muffins!

Han Then that's the way you and Miss Satanella come to be so different like?

Tin Exactly. The same blood, you see, but warmed up with the climate.

Han I see; and Miss Satanella takes after her Mexican ma?

Tin Yes, she keeps up the fire, and I let her burn out like her late mother. Why even now doesn't she want to marry that depraved young monkey, Robin Brittletop—a little imp I can't endure?

Han Well, she does love her little Robin—her little "Cock Robin," as she calls him, that's a fact.

Tin Of course she does. Her little "Cock Robin," indeed! Yes, and you'll see she'll marry him, too, in spite of me, and I shall consent in spite of myself, I know I shall. It 'll be Mrs. Tinkle over again. Whenever I said, "I wont," she said, "I will!"

Han And then you said?

Tin Nothing.

Han And in that way you always used to agree, sooner or later.

Tin Yes, always.

Han Holloa! what's the matter now, I wonder? [*Going to window*, L.] Only a row with a cab.

Tin Of course. That's why I hate cabs—always rows.

Han There's quite a crowd at the door.

Tin At our door?

Han Shall I go and see what it is?
Tin No; it's no business of ours. Get my hot water.

Enter SATANELLA *from door*, C. *She walks about the stage in a state of great agitation.*

Tin Holloa! child, is that you?
Sat [*Sharply*] Yes, it's me. Good morning.
Tin What's the matter?
Sat Nothing. I'm in a passion, that's all.
Tin Oh, is that all? But what has happened? What have you been about?
Sat I've been giving a gentleman a box on the ear.
Tin A gentleman?
Sat Yes, the impertinent fellow.
Tin Why, what did he do?
Sat Do, indeed! The impudent coxcomb had the impertinence to pop his head under my hat and exclaim, "my wig! what a pretty girl!"
Tin Bless me! was that all? And you took offence at that? What would you have done if he had called you ugly?
Sat Oh, papa, your apathy will be the death of me. Wasn't your daughter insulted? and you calmly ask me—however I taught him a lesson—I've taught him never again to——
Tin To call you a pretty girl. No; I think he'll modify his opinion next time. [*Sees* HANNAH *waiting.*] What are you doing there? Where's my hot water?
Han Oh lawk! I forgot the hot water. [*Aside.*] Ain't she a peppery one? [*Exit*, R. *door.*
Sat [*Suddenly changing her tone*] Oh, papa! I've got such a lovely arrangement of the "Guards' Waltz." Tra, la, la, la. [*Waltzing.*
Tin [*Aside*] What a child it is—just like her mother! She used always to dance after she'd boxed my ears.
[SATANELLA *still waltzing and singing.*

Enter HANNAH, *door* R.

Han [*Aside*] Now she's dancing, I do declare. [*Aloud.*] Here's your hot water, sir. [*She begins to dance at door*, R.
Tin That's right. Put it on the mantlepiece. This room's nice and light. You don't mind my shaving here, do you, Satanella?
Sat No [*Aside to* HANNAH] Any letter from Boulogne?
Han No, miss; and the postman's been by this half hour.
[*Exit door*, R.
Sat [*To herself*] It's very strange! Three days since Robin went to Boulogne, and not a line—not a word. Oh! if I wasn't sure of his love—but, perhaps some accident—there are so many on those dreadful railways. [*Goes suddenly up to her father, who is shaving himself at the glass.*] Papa!
Tin Eh—what? You nearly made me cut myself.
Sat Don't you think it's odd, yourself?
Tin What's odd?

Sat Three whole days, and not a line—not a word.

Tin Who—what? Oh, Robin! [*Aside*] As if I cared. [*Aloud*] He had business, you know, at Boulogne. Give him time—give him time. [*Goes on shaving.*

Sat [*Pacing the room*] Give him time, indeed. I don't expect him back, but he might write. Three whole days without writing. What can he be about? What can he be doing? Something must have happened.

Tin Don't go stamping about the room in that way. You shake the looking-glass.

Sat Ah, papa, you don't know what love is. [*Sits.*

Tin I beg your pardon. I knew what it was before you were born; and I can assure you, if you'd only reflect coolly and calmly on the subject——

Sat Three whole months since I first met Robin! Three whole months have we been kept waiting to be married by these horrid English forms and formalities! Why can't people get married without banns and settlements and lawyers and parsons?

Tin Well, some people *do* manage without—[*suddenly*]—but they are very wrong.

Sat Well, at any rate, when he does come back, there'll be no obstacle then.

Tin Oh, won't there, though?

Sat [*Throwing down chair as she rises, and rushing to her father*] What! there will be, papa?

Tin [*Cutting himself.*] Ah! there, you've done it!

Sat Done what?

Tin I've cut myself. I knew I should.

Sat [*Seizing his chin with the towel.*] Oh! never mind, papa, it's nothing.

Tin I know it's not, but it stings for all that.

Sat It will soon stop.

Tin Now, look here, Satanella, if you want to talk to me, talk to me at a distance. I can always hear much better a little way off.

Sat [*Picking up the chair and giving piece of it to* TINKLE.] Oh! very well, papa. Here.

Tin I don't want it. [*Takes piece of chair.*

Sat Papa! papa!

Tin What now?

Sat [*Giving the rest of the chair*] Here, papa. But you said there was an obstacle—what is it? What more is wanting!

Tin My consent.

Sat Your consent?

Tin Of course. You can't marry without my consent—that's the law here.

Sat I'm ashamed of you, papa. What! because you don't love my Robin, I'm not to love him either?

Tin Oh, yes; you may love him—but that's all.

Sat And I'm not to marry him unless you love him too?

Tin No.

Sat That's the law here, is it—and free and independent electors submit quietly to such rubbish ?

Tin [*Wiping the razor and putting it on mantel-piece.*] They do, they do, my child. As to Robin—

Sat Oh, papa, I love him.

Tin He hasn't got sixpence—

Sat Poor Robin !

Tin And passes his existence with a glass of pale ale in one hand and a billiard cue in the other.

Sat And yet I love him. [*Crosses to* R.

Tin You'll be wretched together.

Sat What ! with Robin—my own little "Cock Robin !" I tell you I love him. [TINKLE *hums a tune.*] Then you won't give your consent ?

Tin No.

Sat No ? [*Takes up the razor*] Unnatural father !

Tin What has she got there ? Good gracious ! my razor !

Sat [*Pacing the room, brandishing razor,* TINKLE *following her*] Oh !

Tin Will you give me that razor ?

Sat Will you consent ?

Tin No.

Sat [*Flourishing the razor*] No ?

Tin Yes, yes, I consent.

Sat [*Throwing the razor on the ground and rushing into her father's arms*] Oh, thanks ! thanks, papa—my good little papa !

Tin Now you want to strangle me. [*Puts the razor in his pocket.*

Sat But I can't understand his silence, can you, papa ? Three whole days, and not a line—not a word. I know what I'll do—I'll write to him at once, and if I don't get an answer to-morrow, off I start for Boulogne. Papa, I'm going to write a letter.

Enter HANNAH, R. D.

Hannah, I'm at home to nobody—do you hear ? to nobody.

[*Exit* L. D.

Tin And to think that I should be the father of that flash of lightning. Hannah, my coat and hat.

Han Directly, sir. [*Exit* R. D.

Tin [*Alone*] Let her marry her Robin, and be hanged ! After all, what does it matter to me ? Anything for a quiet life. And now I think of it, her marriage will just fall in with my plans. I have heard of a nice little villa to be let at Tooting, with green blinds and red flower-pots. If it shouldn't turn out too dear, my dream of last night may be realized.

Enter HANNAH, *with coat and hat,* R. *door.*

Han Here's your coat and hat, sir.

Tin Help me on with it, and I will go and live all alone, calm and tranquil.

Han [*Giving hat*] Shall you dine at home, sir ?

Tin I don't know ; perhaps I may, perhaps I mayn't. [*Going out.*] Calm and tranquil ! If there's a little fountain in front I'll have the house at once. [*Exit* C. *door.*

Han Now, that's a good sort of man—you may lead him by the nose like a baby. But his daughter—oh, my stars ! I don't envy little Robin, when he comes to be her husband. I know I shouldn't like such a wife as that—I'd as soon marry a parched pea ; but it's strange how queer some men are, and how they like them kind of girls. It keeps them alive. I wonder what took him off so suddenly to Boulong ? la ! if he should, it wouldn't be the first time it has happened. [*Knock*] But no, there he is, that's all right. [*Looking off*, C.] It isn't him, after all.

Enter JACK, C. *door.*

Jack Him ? no, it's me.

Han Who did you please to want, sir ?

Jack Miss Satanella Tinkle ; a Mexican lady grafted on an English stock.

Han All right, sir, it's here.

Jack And she's not at home, eh ? so much the better. [*Sits* R. C.] It will give me time to prepare for the interview.

Han I beg pardon, sir ; but she is at home.

Jack [*Jumping up.*] Is she ? so much the better ! Go and tell her—

Han Oh, no, sir, I can't do that ; missus is writing, and she told me particularly that she wasn't at home to nobody.

Jack [*Seating himself again.*] Then, why did you tell me she was ? So much the better, I shall have time to prepare myself for the interview.

Han [*Aside.*] I hardly know what to do. Missus is so cantankerous ; if I don't tell her, perhaps she'll fly into a passion. [*Aloud.*] Your name, sir, please ?

Jack My name ?

Han Yes, sir, to tell missus ; who shall I tell her, please ?

Jack Tell her—a bird of ill omen !

Han A bird ?

Jack No ! [*Aside.*] That won't do, it would be too sudden.

Han Well, sir ?

Jack Is your mistress nervous ?

Han Lawks, sir !

Jack Of course she is. Here, look in my face ; now go and tell your mistress that a gentleman asks for her with tears in his eyes.

Han Lawks, sir ! I don't see no tears.

Jack Of course not ! [*Aside.*] That won't do, it's too sudden.

Han [*Aside.*] He's a lunatic !

Jack What's your name ?

Han What do you want to know for ?

Jack Exactly ; You're quite right—what do I want to know for ? No matter, Mexican or English, it's all the same ; Beatrice or Molly, it's all one ! You've the prettiest little waist, and the wickedest pair of eyes— [*Puts arm round her.*

Han Come, I say, sir, is that what you come here for ?

Jack Of course not ; you recall me to my duty—thanks, Beatrice or Molly.

Han Oh, he must be mad ! I shall leave missus to tackle him ; she'll soon make him speak out. I shall go down to my kitchen.

Jack Where are you going ?

Han Down to my kitchen. [*Exit*, R. *door.*

Jack Quite right, Beatrice or Molly. Here I am, then, on the eve of my mission—confound Robin Brittletop, say I ; a pretty task he has given me. Yesterday afternoon in the middle of a game of billiards, he suddenly seized my arm, just as I was contemplating a splendid carom. "Jack," said he, "are you my friend ?" "For life or death," said I. "For death, then, be it," said he ; "if you love me, kill me." "With pleasure," said I, "but why ?" "I've been putting my foot in it," said he. "In what ?" said I. "You remember," said he, "the little Mexican girl I told you I was going to marry ? It's off ! and I must be off, too, or I shall be murdered ! She's too much for me, Jack, I can't undertake her—she's a thunbolt—a tornado ! I know I should faint at the altar to which she wants to drag me. What's to be done ? If I don't marry her, I tell you she'll kill me ; now, if I must die, I'd rather die by your hand than hers. I told her I was off to Boulogne ; but I'm only hiding at Ball's Pond. Go to her—choke her off—tell her I'm dead ; tell her I'm buried—anything, only her choke off !" Choke her off ! Did you ever hear such an expression ? However, I agreed to help him, because—I don't mind owning it—because I think it will rather help myself. I've been looking out for a wife ever so long, and I have envied him his Mexican conquest ; so if she's only half as beautiful as he says she is, and only half as spicy, she may turn out the very girl to suit me. I love thunderbolts ! I adore tornadoes ! Nancy Pottles—pooh ! he may have Nancy Pottles ; a suet dumpling—boiled mutton without caper sauce ! Now, I like capers ; I've been cutting them all my life, and I'm used to them. A Mexican, too ! I've dreamt of them—splendid creatures ! all over spangles and feathers, with eyes like bullets, and petticoats up to their knees. I'll have a look at the young savage, I'm determined, and if her Peruvian blood warms towards me, I'll wed the tornado off-hand and take all the consequences. So, here goes for the conquest of Mexico. By Jove ! she's coming ! Attention, Jack.

Enter SATANELLA, D. L., *with a letter in her hand.*

Sat I've written my letter—now to post it. [*Sees* JACK] A stranger !

Jack Madam. [*Aside*] Splendid, sure enough !

Sat You were asking for—

Jack Miss Satanella Tinkle.

Sat At your service.

Jack [*Aside*] At my service ; by Jove, she's a clipper ! [*Aloud*] Madam, I've an important communication to make to you.

Sat A communication ?

Jack [*Aside*] I must be very serious.

Sat I'm all attention.

[*Points to a seat.* JACK *places a chair*, L. C. *She sits.*

Jack [*Sitting*, R. C.] Madam—— [*Aside*] I don't know how to begin. [*Aloud*] Madam, I have just come back from Boulogne.

Sat [*Jumps up, and in doing so knocks over her chair.* JACK, *frightened, does the same*] From Boulogne? [*Crosses*, R.

Jack [*Aside*] I was too sudden. [*Aloud*] Yes, from Boulogne, where I was staying with my friend, Robin.

Sat [*Interrupting*] Robin! Are you a friend of Robin's?

Jack I was—that is—oh, yes, an intimate friend.

Sat [*Angrily*] And why isn't he here with me as he promised—as he swore? Why doesn't he write to me? Tell me why—why?

[*Stamping.*

Jack [*Aside*] How grand she is when she's in a passion!

Sat Well, your answer. Will you answer?

Jack [*Smiling*] With pleasure. [*Aside*] I must be very serious. Robin is still at Boulogne, and he charged me to break to you the reason of his absence.

Sat Break to me? Well, go on! Warm up—warm up!

Jack [*Aside*] Her impatience is magnificent. [*Aloud*] Madam—

Sat Go on, sir; go on!

Jack [*Aside*] I mustn't tell her too abruptly. [*Aloud*] Robin told you, I believe, that business took him to Boulogne.

Sat And didn't it? Has he deceived me?

Jack No, no; not exactly. Only as to the object of his journey. There are but two things that take a man to Boulogne.

Sat And they are—

Jack Either to avoid his creditors—

Sat Ruined?

Jack No, no; that's not his case.

Sat Or——?

Jack Or to fight a duel.

Sat A duel! Was that the object of his journey?

Jack It was.

Sat And he's wounded?

Jack Madam!

Sat Slightly—tell me it's nothing—tell me it's nothing at all.

Jack Nothing at all! no, I can't. Ah! if you only knew!

Sat Heavens!

Jack [*Aside*] Now's my time.

Sat Robin?

Jack Robin!

Sat Dead? [JACK *remains for a moment without answering, then turns and buries his head in his hands*] Ah!

Jack Madam!

Sat Dead! [*Falls fainting on sofa*, R.

Jack [*Aside*] Holloa! I've been too sudden: she has actually fainted. Oh, by Jove, how stupid that is now! Madam! I'd better call somebody. No, no, we musn't let anybody else into the secret.

Pray, madam, let me beg of you—I ought to cut her stay lace—no I mustn't do that—how pretty she is ! Pretty ! No she isn't. She's beautiful ! How beautiful we all look when we faint. What an ass that Robin must be to neglect such a—her color's coming again—she's reviving—I think I'll be off ; no, I won't; I'll see the end of it, I'm determined.

Sat [*Reviving*] Where am I ?

Jack [*Aside*] I wonder why they always ask that. [*Aloud*] Madam !

Sat Who speaks ? who are you ? ah !

Jack Be calm, I beg.

Sat [*Rising*] That voice, that horrible voice !

Jack Thank you.

Sat Ah ! I recollect now. My dear little Robin—my little Cock Robin—my intended—my life, my soul ! Dead ! dead !

[*Falls on sofa, sobbing.*

Jack [*Aside*] Confound it ; I begin to be quite ashamed of myself. I'll tell her all at once ; all—all what ? That we've been making a fool of her ? No, that won't do. How she does cry ! [*Aloud*] Come, come, my dear young lady !

Sat [*Suddenly rising, and wiping her eyes*] But enough of this weakness ; no more tears. What ! a monster has killed my Robin—and I weep instead of avenging him ? Sir, you were the second in this duel, were you not ?

Jack Yes, that's to say—exactly—I did all I could—but alas !

Sat Then you know the motive— ?

Jack The motive—yes—of course.

Sat Well, speak—the motive ?

Jack A foul stroke.

Sat A foul stroke ?

Jack Yes, at billiards ; you know Robin adored billiards. I'll explain it all to you. Robin, you see, only wanted two points——

Sat Enough—enough. [*Aside*] There's no woman in the case, so it doesn't matter. And his adversary ?

Jack His adversary ?

Sat His name—his adversary's name ?

Jack You want me to tell you—

Sat The name of his assassin. Come, speak out.

Jack Ah ! the name—exactly—yes, yes—but you see I was only Robin's second. I don't know who his adversary was.

Sat Nonsense ; his second must have known—

Jack Certainly—that is—he ought to have told me, but—

Sat [*Aside*] He's confused. [*Aloud*] And you, sir, who are you ? what's your name ?

Jack Raggett, Jack Raggett. By profession an only son—living on the paternal crumbs ; but I've several uncles.

Sat Mr. Raggett, dear Mr. Raggett, tell me his name.

Jack Whose name ?

Sat The name of Robin's assassin.

Jack I swear to you upon my honor I don't know.

Sat It's false !

U. OF ILL. LIB.

Jack Madam!

Sat It's impossible.

Jack Well, that's better.

Sat I will know his name. Where did they fight?

Jack Where?

Sat You don't know that either, perhaps.

Jack Yes, yes, of course, only—[*Aside*] I'm getting quite bothered.

Sat [*Aside*] He's more and more confused.

Jack It was on the cliff. Do you know Boulogne?

Sat No!

Jack [*Aside*] So much the better. [*Aloud*] The town of Boulogne is situated on the side of a hill; there are several gates leading—

Sat Enough, enough! never mind the gates. [*Crosses to* L.] What time does the train start for Boulogne?

Jack What time? Oh, there are several trains.

Sat Then we'll go by the first.

Jack We?

Sat Yes, we! You shall conduct me to the cliff—you shall aid me in the search; and together we'll discover Robin's assassin.

Jack Well, but really, madam—

Sat You refuse.

Jack No, a--a——

Sat A line to my father—a small portmantaeu, and off we go.

Jack You and I alone?

Sat With my father, of course. Swear that you'll wait here for me.

Jack Certainly—only perhaps on reflection you may—

Sat Swear!

Jack I swear!

Sat By what?

Jack By the shade of Robin!

Sat Thanks, thanks. [*Taking his hand*] I'll not be a minute, then we'll be off to Boulogne, express train. Remember your promise.

Jack Yes!

Sat Swear!

Jack I swear! [*Exit* SATANELLA, *door*, L. JACK *alone, putting on his hat*] I'm off to Ball's Pond, "express train." It's a shabby thing to do, but I can't stand any more of this. What, break my oath? Pooh! I only swore by the shade of Robin, so that's not binding. Where's my hat? She's charming, delicious. But a journey to Boulogne, only to be found out in a lie, hang it all; and with her father, too! seventy miles and more, besides the boat. No, that's going a little too far. Where's my hat? The joke has lasted long enough—where the deuce is my—[*Sees himself in the glass—puts his hand to his head*] Oh, here it is, now I'm off!

[*Goes to* C. *door, meets* TINKLE, *who is entering.*

Tin Holloa! What, Jack Raggett!

Jack [*Aside*] My old gentleman at the club! confound it, I was playing whist with him till twelve o'clock last night, he'll knock over my alibi.

Tin Why, what brings you to my house?

Jack Your house—eh? Tinkle? why of course, you are her father—exactly. Tinkle, I congratulate you.

Tin That's all very well, but what brings you here?

Jack I've just had the pleasure of announcing to your daughter, some very sad news.

Tin Indeed! what was it?

Jack No, no! I've had enough for one morning, I can't begin again; she'll tell you all about it. [*Going.*

Tin [*Holding him back*] Mr. Raggett, recollect, sir, I'm a father.

Jack [*Aside*] So he is, and father of a bewildering daughter. Suppose I sound him as to his views. [*Aloud*] You know Robin Brittletop?

Tin Know him! I should rather think I did. [*Aside*] A deuced deal too well.

Jack He has just been killed in a duel.

Tin [*Joyfully*] Nonsense!

Jack [*Astonished*] What?

Tin No, I don't mean that. Of course I'm sorry—poor fellow—deeply sorry—poor boy! only you see [*Joyfully*] it suits my arrangements.

Jack Really?

Tin Yes! He didn't suit me at all; and I'm sure my daughter would have been wretched with him. In my character of individual, I regret it; but in my character of father, I'm delighted.

Jack [*Aside*] The deuce he is; oh, then I may let him into the secret. [*Aloud*] Tinkle, [*Mysteriously*] Hush! Robin is just as well as you or I.

Tin What, Robin who was killed in a duel?

Jack Not a bit of it—there was no duel.

Tin So much the worse.

Jack In one word, Robin repents the promise he made your daughter; he wishes to break off. You understand?

Tin Go on.

Jack And to escape her vengeance he induced me to see her and announce his death. I've just done it beautifully—a duel—Boulogne, &c, &c.

Tin Good gracious! what a rage she must have been in! [*With interest*] I hope she hasn't hurt you?

Jack No, thank you. She cried a good deal and fainted a little. Her sorrow was sublime. And what do you think? We're going to Boulogne together

Tin Who?

Jack Your daughter and I.

Tin My daughter?

Jack Yes, and you—all three of us.

Tin She smells a rat, then.

Jack Not at all. She fell souse into the trap. But she vows vengeance on the head of Robin's assassin. She insists that I shall give her up the name of the murderer. [SATANELLA *appears listening at door*, L.] But as at present Robin's only assassin is myself—

Sat [*Aside*] What do I hear ?

Jack You may judge of the scrape I'm in.

Sat [*Aside*] Scrape !

Tin Why didn't you tell her the first name that came into your head ?

Jack No name did come into my head.

Tin When she asked you "Who killed Cock Robin ?" you should have said, "I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow"—

Jack "I killed Cock Robin." [*Both laugh.*

Sat [*Aside*] What mystery is this ?

Jack You see the scrape I'm in. I nearly betrayed myself a dozen times. I was in an awful fright ; for I wouldn't have had her know the truth for worlds.

Sat [*Aside*] I dread to hear why.

Tin Why not ?

Jack Ah ! that's the point. I heard so much about your daughter from little Robin that my curiosity was aroused.

Tin Really !

Jack Her eyes have already pierced a hole through my heart. Tinkle, I love that tumultuous child.

Sat [*Aside*] What !

Jack Yes, I adore these exotic plants ; I adore foreign wares—foreign wines—foreign spirits. I hate your British milk-and-water slops !

Tin Really ! you love my daughter ?

Jack Passionately.

Sat [*Aside*] He loves me ! oh, horror !

Tin My dear Raggett ! [*Aside*] His father's rich. [*Aloud*] I feel flattered by your offer ; but—

Jack You refuse ?

Tin I accept. [*They shake hands.*

Sat [*Aside*] What a discovery !

Tin Well, if Satanella says yes—stop ! a capital idea ! We're all going to Boulong, ain't we ? Well, we all travel together—you pay her attentions—you sympathize with her—

Jack I see—capital ! Thanks, Tinkle—I'm the happiest of men !

Tin No you're not. *I'm* the happiest of men ; I've got rid of that horrid little Robin. Oh, how kind of you, to kill him !

Sat Ah !

Jack [*Seeing* SATANELLA.] Hush ! she's there, attention !

Tin [*Aside*] You are right, we must put on an air of sorrow. [*Approaches* SATANELLA, *putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*] Satanella ! Satanella !

Sat [*Who has been standing lost in thought.*] Who calls me ?

Tin Nobody—that's to say, nobody in particular ! your father—your poor old father. But let us go.

Sat Go where ?

Tin To Boulong.

Sat To Boulogne—why there ?

Tin Why, you know, Raggett—Mr. Raggett—has just told me—

Sat Ah ! you know all, then ?

Tin I know all. Wretched fate !

Sat And you regret him, don't you ?

Tin Bitterly ! bitterly ! and the proof is, that I'm ready to help you in your search.

Sat My search ! what search ?

Tin Why, ain't we going to seek out the assassin ?

Sat [*Crosses to* JACK.] The assassin—Robin's assassin—what's the matter, Mr. Raggett ?

Jack Nothing ! nothing !

Sat One would think you were embarrassed !

Jack No—not at all ! only—

Sat [*Aside*] His remorse overwhelms him. [*Aloud*] You were his friend, were you not ? I say, were you not his friend ?

Tin Oh ! never mind that now, we shall have time to talk about that in the train.

Sat Train ! what train ?

Tin Why, didn't Raggett—Mr. Raggett, tell me that you—

Sat Oh, yes, yes ! I did at first, but I've changed my mind. I'm not going.

Jack What ?

Tin Not going ?

Sat Why should I seek out his wretched adversary ? It is fate—fate alone that's to blame.

Tin Well, there's something in that. [*Aside to* JACK] She has calmed down.

Jack It's the rainbow after the storm.

Enter HANNAH, R. *door.*

Han Please, miss, breakfast's ready.

Sat Hannah ! another cup and saucer.

Tin Another cup and—

Sat Why, of course, papa. You know Mr. Raggett has just come from Boulogne ; and after traveling so far on our account—Mr. Raggett, you will breakfast with us.

Jack [*Crosses to* SATANELLA] With the greatest pleasure. [*Aside to* TINKLE] The storm has cleared the weather.

Sat Papa, show Mr. Raggett the way. I'll follow you, directly.

Tin This way, then. You'll find the muffins excellent. [*Aside*] The glass is rising.

Jack I hope it's at set fair. [*Exit,* JACK *and* TINKLE, R. *door.*

Han. [*Aside*] The lunatic's going to stop to breakfast, after all.

[*Exit,* R. *door*

Sat [*Alone, suddenly bursts out*] I've got him ? He's Robin's assassin ! My father knew it all the time. They think that I'll marry him—and I've looked on quietly. I've not sprung upon them like a lioness—like a wounded panther. But the moment's at hand, and —no ! it's not by the poniard's point that he must perish. Great crimes call for great vengeances. Die he must, but not by the dagger. No ! he must be pricked to death with red hot needles. He

loves me; would marry me. Well, why not? [*Savagely*] Why not? His name—his honor must be mine! mine! Ah! with what rapture will I enunciate the fatal "yes" which gives him up to me. No young bride ever pronounced that word with more joy than I shall do. When they ask me, "Will you take this man for your wedded husband?" I shall drop my eyes to the bouquet in my hand, and with rage in my heart, and menaces on my lips, I shall answer, "Yes, yes, yes." Oh, Robin! I promise you a vengeance unknown to Europeans—a Mexican vengeance. And now, be still, my heart; be calm, my nerves; the time is come for action. Revenge dwells in my bosom—but peace sits on my brow. [*Very sweetly*] And now I'll go to breakfast.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A bedroom at* TINKLE'S. *In flat,* C., *a bed in an alcove. Bell pull near bed,* R. *Stool in front.* R. *of stool a boot.* L. *of stool a slipper; watch under pillow. Door,* L., *in flat.* R. *a boot hung on a nail over a picture. A large vase in corner of flat,* L. R. 1 E., *a chimney-piece with a clock on it set at* 10 *o'clock. "Bradshaw's Guide" on the mantel-piece. Door of cupboard,* R. 2 E., *with a coat and waistcoat inside, and a portmanteau and pistol. A slipper hung from a string at the top of the door inside. Table,* R., *with segar case, match box, smoking cap and newspaper on it. Braces on the back of chair. Arm chair,* R. 1 E. L., *a window, with curtains drawn, and Holland blinds drawn down.* L. 2 E., *door of* SATANELLA'S *room. Table down,* L., *with a dark lantern on it, and a piece of chalk. Small stool near table,* L.

JACK *discovered lying outside the bed asleep, without his boots. Dressing gown on.* SATANELLA *is standing on a chair at the back, on the* R. *of bed, with a ball of white worsted, tying one of* JACK'S *boots to a picture. She comes down and takes the dark lantern, and turns it toward the boot.*

Sat Yes, that will do. I think that'll have a fine effect. But, perhaps he won't see it; stay, this worsted's the thing. [*Puts the lantern on table, takes ball of worsted, gets on chair, ties the end of the wool to the boot, comes down and draws the wool along the floor to the table,* L. *With a bit of chalk she writes on the table, speaking as she writes*] "Follow the thread." [*Jumps up and turns towards the bed*] Is he waking? No! [JACK *snores*] Actually snoring—the wretch—after such a day as I made him pass; and this is all the effect it has had upon him. Never mind, I've more needles for him! Let's see that I've forgotten nothing. [*Sits at table.* L. *Takes out a note book and reads by the light of the lantern*] "1st needle—Loosen screws of bed cornice so that it may fall on nose." That's done, and a pretty job it was. While

they all thought I was dozing, and he was running about town to find me a doctor, I was at work. "2d needle—Rip up segars." That's done. "3d—Put pepper in smoking cap." Done. "4th—Sew handkerchief in pocket." Sewn. "5th—Hide one slipper and one boot—put on clock—put back watch—leave only three pence in pocket—and cut springs of braces." All done. "Wake him up with a sudden shock, and frighten him out of his senses." That's still to be done. [*Rises, and goes with lantern to door*, L., *flat*] Jack Raggett! assassin of the innocent Robin! your fate is at hand! the hour of vengeance has struck! [*On the last word she takes up a large vase and throws it down with a loud crash, and exit door*, L.

Jack [*Jumping up*] Come in! what's the matter? who's there? [*Putting his head out through the curtains*] Nobody! what in the world has happened? I thought I heard a shot, or a sneeze, or something of the sort—I suppose I was dreaming, oh! nobody's likely to sneeze here; and yet I'm married—married ever since yesterday morning; and a pretty day and night I've had of it. All seems quiet—it must have been fancy. I wonder what o'clock it is—still dark—where's my repeater? [*Takes out a watch which is hanging at the side of the bed—it strikes four*] Four o'clock! only four! Oh, what a weary night! I couldn't go to bed—I only lay down in my clothes, in case I had to run for a doctor again—I must try and go to sleep once more. [*Turns round on the pillow—clock on the mantel-piece strikes*, JACK *counts with it*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Ten o'clock! what does that mean? ten o'clock! my watch says it's only four. [*Sitting on the bed*] But if it's ten o'clock I ought to have been called. [*Draws the curtains, which bring down the whole of cornice upon him*] Holloa! what's that? here, murder, thieves! let me go, let me go! How stupid I am! It's myself, I've got hold of the curtains—no it's the curtains have got hold of me. [*Fighting with them*] Well, this is a pleasant commencement of my second day. Where's the window? let's see. [*Opens the window curtains and blind—full daylight comes in*] The deuce! why it's broad daylight. The clock must have been right then. Where are my slippers? [*Puts on one which he finds at the foot of the bed*] Now where's the other? no signs of it; where the deuce can it be? never mind, I'll put on my boots instead. [*Puts on the one he finds at the foot of the bed*] Now where's the other? well that's pleasant; one boot and one slipper! What can Hannah be about? she was to call me at nine o'clock—she must have come in without my hearing her—but the idea of carrying off one of my boots! [*While he speaks takes off dressing gown, puts on one of his braces, it snaps in two*] Botheration! there goes my brace. [*Puts on the other in a great rage, it snaps also*] Confound it! there goes the other. [*Throws them on the floor*] Where's my cap? here it is. [*Puts it on*] Now I can go and call Hannah! stop though, I mustn't wake them if it's only four. [*Sneezes*] What a smell of pepper there is—I must have heard her if she had knocked—It can't be nine o'clock yet—well I won't disturb the house—I must wait patiently. [*Sits at table*, R.] I'll have a cigar. [*Takes a cigar, with match*, R., *table*] What a bore it is hobbling about

with one boot and one slipper; a nice pleasant time I've had of it altogether. [*Sneezes*] What can be this smell of pepper. [*Tries to light his cigar*] First of all the courtship; that was enough to drive any fellow mad; one day she wouldn't, the next she would, then she wouldn't again, and so on for a month; till I thought we never should come to an end. However, at last the happy moment actually arrived, and yesterday morning, exactly at 11. 30. as Bradshaw would say, with a loud voice, she pronounced the charming "yes" that made her mine for ever. [*Finding that he can't get the cigar to light he throws it in the fire-place and takes another*] Out of church we all came radiant with joy and our eyes full of—[*Sneezes*] Confound it! what a smell of pepper—our eyes full of tobacco—I mean tears—the carriage was at the door, which was to convey us home to our hasty luncheon. With a bound I sprang out upon the pavement—with another out sprang my wife—a shriek followed—I rushed to her aid and ejaculated. [*Throwing away second cigar*] Deuce take the cigars! what's the matter with them? [*Takes a third*] In an agony I ejaculated, "Satanella! my wife!" She had fainted. In jumping from the carriage she had sprained her ankle, and we had to carry her into old Tinkle's house again, and put her to bed. There was a nice beginning. Off I went post haste for a doctor, and when I brought him, she had dropped off to sleep, and couldn't see him. [*Trying to light cigar*] After an hour's nap she woke, and I ran for another, but she said he was too young, and wouldn't have him. Off I went again and caught a third—with a bald head and spectacles; she said he was an old fool, and I had to kick him down stairs. At last, with tears in my eyes I exclaimed—Damn the cigars, they're not worth a dump. Can't get one—[*Examines them*] Why they are—[*Sneezes*] My nose is full of pepper. [*Taking off his cap and smelling it*] And sure enough here's the pepper castor! What the deuce has Hannah been putting pepper in my castor—I mean cap for? To keep off the moths I suppose—what an idea. [*Throws cap away*] And my cigars too, all—[*Sneezes*] Where's my handkerchief? [*Trying to pull it out of his pocket*] Why it's sewn in! somebody has sewn it in like a little child's, when he's going to school. Oh, by Jove! I can't stand this. It's too bad—and I *will* find out who has dared to—[*Seizes the bell rope near the bed*] I'll wake them all up. [*Rings the bell*] Hannah! Hannah!

Han [*Without*] Did you call, sir?

Jack There she is, at last.

Tin [*Without*] What's the matter?

Jack Father-in-law, too. [*Goes and opens the door*, L. C.

Enter HANNAH *and* TINKLE, *door in flat.*

Han [L.] Ain't you well, sir?

Tin [R.] Shall I send for the engines?

Jack [C. *to* HANNAH] Come here and answer me.

Han Sir!

Tin Whatever's the matter?

Jack Never you mind; your turn will come presently. Now answer me. [*To* HANNAH.] What's o'clock?

Tin What! was it only to know what's o'clock that you—

Jack [*To* TINKLE.] Your turn will come presently. [*To* HANNAH.] What's o'clock, I say?

Han Half-past eight, sir.

Jack Then why does my watch say four, and my clock ten.

Han I'm sure I don't know, sir; you must ask the clock-maker.

Tin Why, of course; how can the girl—

Jack Tinkle, be quiet; your turn hasn't come yet. [*To* HANNAH.] Why did you put pepper into my smoking-cap?

Han Me! I put—

Tin Pepper! did she put pepper—

Jack Why did you rip up my cigars?

Han Rip up—

Tin Rip up—

Jack Why did you sew my handkerchief in my pocket?

Han Well, if ever I—

Tin What! did she sew the handkerchief—

Han I never did nothing of the kind!

Jack [*Showing his pocket*] What do you call that?

Han It wasn't me.

Jack And my bed-curtains, and my slippers, and my boots?

Tin What! did she sew your bed-curtains and your boots?

Jack Tinkle, will you hold your tongue? [*To* HANNAH.] Now answer.

Han I don't know what you're talking about.

Tin No more do I.

Jack I have been made a living target, into which some invisible hand has been shooting poisoned arrows. Look here—only one boot! where's the other—one slipper, where's the other?

Han [*Looking about*] I don't know, I'm sure; but we'll soon—[*Seeing writing on table*]—What's this? "Follow the thread."

[HANNAH *walks along, following the trace of the thread, the other two after her.*

Tin Where in the world are we going to?

Han Look! there's the boot!

Jack Eh?

Tin Oh!

Jack Now who could have stuck that up there?

Han [*Taking down boot*] Well, it wasn't me.

Tin Nor me.

Jack Well, but somebody—

Han [*Laughing*] I see! Please, sir, he's joking with us; he's such a merry gentleman.

Jack Merry, indeed! Oh, yes, I've reason to be merry. [*To* HANNAH.] I tell you it was you; I discharge you.

Han Oh, sir, you're not in earnest.

Tin What! discharge Hannah!

Jack [*Going to* TINKLE] If it wasn't her, it was you. I discharge you!

Tin Jack, you're mad!

Jack Well, there are but three of us; it can't be my wife with her sprained ankle.

Tin Oh, talking of that, her ankle's better. I suppose—

Jack Better, is it?

Tin As if you didn't know it! Do you think I didn't hear you tramping about in the night?

Jack Me!

Tin Yes; I slept under here; that is, I should have slept if you'd been quiet.

Jack Me! why, I've never moved all night.

Tin Oh, stuff! that won't do. Didn't you shut the door with a bang that shook the house? I thought it was a cannon at first.

Han [*A thought suddenly striking her*] Oh! I see it now! I know who's done all this.

Jack—You do—who?

Tin Who?

Han [*To* JACK.] Why, you yourself, to be sure.

Tin What! Jack!

Jack Me!

Han Oh, yes, bless you! I know all about it. I had a cousin who used to walk about in the night. What was it they used to call him?

Tin A somnambulist. She's right, Jack—you're a somnambulist.

Jack A somnambulist! me! stuff and nonsense!

Han A somnamnibist—that's it! Oh! you can't recollect anything about it now; it's always the way. One night my cousin came down into my kitchen and kissed me. As I knew it was dangerous to wake a somnamnibist I never said a word; and next morning he'd forgotten all about it.

Jack What! Is it possible! Could it have been myself?

Tin Why, who the deuce should it be?

Jack Good gracious! That explains it all. But do you really mean to say I could walk about in my sleep, and rip up my own cigars—put pepper into my own smoking cap, and sew my handkerchief into my—? No! come, that won't do; I can't sew when I'm awake—how can I do it when I'm asleep?

Han Lawk, sir, that's nothing! My cousin never could kiss me when he was awake—he could only kiss me when he was asleep. That's what they call second sight.

Jack [*Aside*] What a horrible discovery! [*Mysteriously to* TINKLE *and* HANNAH] Not a word of all this to my wife. What would she think of me? It's an awful discovery!

Sat [*Outside*] Help! help!

Jack Mercy on me—what's the matter now?

Tin My daughter's voice!

Han Missus! [*They all go to the door*, L., *which opens and* SATANELLA *appears, one foot bound up in flannel.*]

Sat Help! A chair—a sofa—support me! [JACK *and* TINKLE *support her on each side, while* HANNAH *draws an arm-chair to the* C. *of stage.*]

Tin Why—you're never up?

Jack You are better then?

Sat Quite the contrary—worse—much worse.

Jack But why didn't you ring your bell? I should have heard you in a moment.

Sat [*Sitting in arm-chair*, C.] There—there—gently—gently; Hannah, a stool.

Han [*Runs and fetches a pillow*] Here's a pillow, ma'am, that'll be better. [*Places the pillow on stool which* JACK *has placed near her foot.*

Jack [*About to lift her foot*] Let me—

Sat Don't touch it! Oh! heavens! the least pressure—[*Puts her foot on stool*] There—there I am.

Tin But what made you get up?

Sat Well, I felt a little better, so I thought I'd try; but before I got to the door, my foot gave way under me.

Jack [*Aside*] Pleasant! It will lay her up still longer.

Tin You were very wrong, my dear. In the first place, I can't stay to nurse you, for I have a particular appointment with my friend, Wilkins. Yes, he has promised to let me have his villa at Ealing—and as I lost the one at Tooting—

Sat You are not going to leave us, papa!

Jack No, you're never going to leave us. [*Aside*] I wish to goodness he would! [*Aloud*] Oh! father-in-law!

Tin Exactly—father-in-law—that's it. A father-in-law has no business in the house of a young couple—he's always in the way.

Sat Oh! papa!

Jack Oh! don't say so. [*Aside*] He's right enough there.

Tin So, I've made up my mind—with much sorrow—to go and live all alone—out of town. It's a cruel necessity—but I prefer it. Hannah, get my breakfast—and if you should want the doctor—

Sat I know Jack will run for him.

Jack [*Aside*] Jack has done nothing else since yesterday morning.

Tin [*Kissing* SATANELLA] Good-bye, darling! Now, don't be ill again till after I am gone—because, if you are, you know, I shall have to stay with you, and that will quite put me out in my arrangements. [*Exit, door in flat.*

Jack [*Calling after him*] There's no hurry, father-in-law—take your time.

Sat [*Aside*] Now, then, to hear the result of my red hot needles.

Jack [*Seating himself close to* SATANELLA, R.] Here we are at last! What an agreeable surprise this is!

Sat [*Laughing*] Dear me! you've got one boot on and one slipper!

Jack Yes—it's Hannah's doing.

Han Mine!

Jack Or my own—perhaps it was my own. I've had such a day and night of it that I hardly know what I've been about.

Sat [*Aside*] Why, he actually believes—

Han Oh, my gracious! look here! The bed curtains are all torn down, and the cornice—

Jack Yes, it was me! I tugged a little too hard, and down it all came. We must send for the upholsterer.

Sat [*Aside*] He hasn't the least suspicion!

Jack [*Aside*] If she only knew I had been walking in my sleep?

Han And what a state the room is in!

Jack [*Aside*] I wish that girl would go.

Sat [*Looking at the clock*] Half-past ten o'clock! I had no idea it was so late.

Jack [*Aside*] There we go again!

Han La, ma'am, why it's only nine; but I can't tell how it is—master's clock's two hours fast, and his watch four hours slow.

[*Bringing forward the watch.*

Jack [*Taking it from her*] How it is? why nothing can be simpler. I've turned everything topsy turvy. How could I help it? with my wife's ankle in such a state, my head's quite gone.

Sat Poor Jack [*Aside*] The man's a fool. [*To* HANNAH] And look at my beautiful vase broken—now, how came that? Pick up those things, Hannah. [*Pointing to braces on the floor*] What are they?

Han Why, it's master's braces, I do declare, broke to bits.

Jack Yes, I broke them on purpose.

Sat On purpose?

Jack They were too short, and— [*Aside*] Why won't that girl go?

Sat [*Aside*] It won't do. I must double the dose.

Jack Come, Hannah, go and get Mr. Tinkle his breakfast. You know he's waiting!

Han Yes, only missus may want me, perhaps.

Jack No, no. I'll ring if we want you.

Han Oh! very well, sir. [*Aside*] Only think of master's being a somnamnibist! [*Exit, door in flat.*

Sat [*Aside*] Oh! you want a *tête-à-tête*, do you? You shall have it, my friend.

Jack [*Aside*] There! At last we are alone. [*Sits* R. *of* SATANELLA] My own little wife!

Sat What, dear?

Jack My own little wife, I say—for you are my own little wife, ain't you, dear? And this is the first happy moment we've had together.

Sat So it is, dear. I'm all yours, ain't I dear? and you're all mine. Nothing can separate us.

Jack Separate us! Don't talk of such a thing. Oh, Satanella! I only wish *I* had a sprained ankle instead of you! A hundred sprained ankles shouldn't prevent me from—

[*Offering to embrace her.*

Sat [*Stopping him*] Do you like going about so—with one boot and one slipper?

Jack Like it? No, not at all! If you'll allow me, I'll put on the other boot.

Sat Allow you! What an idea? Ain't you my lord and master?

Jack [*Aside*] Well, I don't know; [*Puts on boot. Aloud*] and I think I'll just shave and dress in Tinkle's dressing-room, while I'm about it. A good splash of cold water will refresh me.

Sat So it will, dear. Go into the dressing-room and splash.

Jack I'll get my things out of the cupboard, and—[*opens the door of cupboard,* R., *and gets a knock on the nose from the other slipper, which is hanging to a string*] What's that? My other slipper, I declare!

Sat Your slipper! Why, how could it get there?

Jack 'Twas me—I put it there. Before I go to bed I always—

Sat Always hang one of your slippers by a string in a cupboard?

Jack No! I mean, I always hang them both up on the floor, at the foot of the bed.

[*Pulls down slipper, and takes coat and waistcoat out of cupboard.*

Sat [*Aside*] It's very odd. He's astonished at nothing.

Jack [*Aside*] Confound my sleep-walking. There's my poor portmanteau ready packed for the wedding trip! [*Aloud*] Now, mind, if you want anything, you're only to call me. I shall hear you in the dressing-room. [*Crosses behind to* L.

Sat Very well, dear; and don't come unless I do call. I feel as if a little nap would do me good.

Jack That's right, dear. Take a little nap. [*Going.*

Sat [*Pouting*] What, sir! Is that the way you're going to leave me? Without even one little—

Jack [*Delighted*] What! darling Satanella! you're an angel! [*Offers to embrace her.*

Sat [*Screams*] Ah! take care!

Jack [*Aside*] Confound that ankle. [*Exit, door in flat.*

Sat [*Listens for a moment, and, as soon as the door is shut, jumps up, removes the bandage from her ankle, and paces the room*] A complete failure! Yes—I must double the dose. First let me secure the bell—I mustn't leave him such a luxury as that. I must find something to cut the wire. [*Goes to the cupboard, and finds a pistol on the shelf*] What's this? A pistol! Oh! he has got a pistol, has he? Loaded, too—and a cap on—all ready. But I can't cut the bell wire with a pistol. How shall I manage? I must break the wire. [*Puts the pistol in the cupboard, and shuts the door*] Let's see! [*Gets on chair, but is unable to reach the wire*] I'll put the chair on the bed. I think I could reach it then. [*Puts the chair on the bed and gets on it, singing as she does so. Takes the wire in both hands, and tries to break it*] How strong it is! Never mind, with a good pull. [*In pulling the wire the bell rings*] Holloa! I've rung the bell. If Hannah were to catch me—

Enter HANNAH, *door in flat.*

Han Did you ring, ma'am?

Sat [*Aside*] I'm caught.

Han Where is she? Why, there she is, I declare!

Sat Hush, not a word!

Han You, ma'am! Up there?

Sat Not a word, I say. I'll pay you for your silence.

Han Well, but what—?

Sat Wait a minute. There, [*wire breaks*] it's done. [*Bell rings.*

Enter JACK, *door in flat.*

Jack What is it? what's the matter?

Han Mercy on us!

Sat Heavens!

Jack [*Looks for the chair where he left* SATANELLA, *and not finding her, looks round the room; at last sees her*] Holloa!

Sat [*Same position.*] Is that you, dear?

Jack Me! yes, it is me! what on earth are you doing there?

Sat My ankle felt a little better, so I thought I'd try a little walk.

Jack [*Bursting out*] A walk! what, on the top of the bed? Oh! I begin to suspect; I see it at last. I wasn't the sleep-walker, after all. [*To* SATANELLA *and* HANNAH] You were the sleep-walkers.

[SATANELLA *comes down off bed.*

Han Oh, sir, I assure you—

Jack Get out!

Han But, sir—

Jack Get out, I tell you! I discharge you!

Han Discharge me!

Jack [*Throwing a pillow at her*] Get out, I tell you, or I'll—[HANNAH *rushes out door in flat, shuts door after her.*] And now, madam, let us understand each other I seem to have come back at an unlucky moment. What farce is this that you've been playing?

Sat [*Standing at* C. *side of bed, arms folded*] Farce, do you call it? you'll find it a tragedy.

Jack What do you mean?

Sat Jack Raggett! you've trodden upon a woman's first love—you've spread a black vail before the heaven of my happiness—you've killed my Robin!

Jack Me! [*Going towards her*] Nonsense!

Sat Didn't you kill him?

Jack Me! certainly not; and the best proof is, that Robin was not killed at all.

Sat Robin not killed?

Jack [*Checking himself*] By my hand—by my hand. [*Aside*] What was I saying? She loves him, and if she were to know that he was alive—

Sat Jack Raggett! I have sworn, and in my country oaths are sacred. Listen: I mean that each of your days shall have its catastrophe—each hour its suffering. You will live upon a bed of thorns—upon a gridiron—and every now and then I shall turn you.

Jack What! [*Advances*] Mrs. Raggett!

Sat Back, assassin!

Jack Mrs. Raggett!

Sat Jack Raggett, you've heard your fate! [*Exit door* L.

Jack Oh, by Jove! this is beyond everything—my head swims round—I'm shut up in a cage tete-a-tete with an untamed lioness. I've no chance with her! [*Drops on chair,* R.] There, let her devour me.

Enter TINKLE, *gaily, door in flat*

Tin All's going on capitally.

Jack The deuce it is.

Tin Ah, Jack Raggett, my dear friend, I shall have the house at Ealing; Wilkins has given me ten minutes for my decision. I know he'll take my terms, and I shall live calm and tranquil for the rest of my days.

Jack Calm and tranquil! Oh! you flatter yourself, do you? And you've been her accomplice all this time?

Tin Whose accomplice?

Jack The accomplice of the tigress whose father you pretend to be.

Tin Pretend to be! Mr. Raggett—

Jack Her accomplice! own it—let me have, at least, a man to deal with.

Tin What do you mean? Are you walking in your sleep again?

Jack Walking in my sleep! No more of that nonsense—the vail's torn from my eyes; I've found out my secret enemy.

Tin You have? and who is it?

Jack Your horrible daughter—your daughter whom you tricked me into marrying!

Tin Satanella! what—with her sprained ankle?

Jack Sprained ankle, indeed! A pretty fool you've both been making of me.

Tin Well, but why should she?

Jack Why? To avenge her Robin, whom she accuses me of having killed.

Tin Oh, you're joking!

Jack [*Seizing him*] Joking! you shall see whether I'm joking.

Tin Help! help! murder!

Enter SATANELLA, *in walking-dress, door* L.

Sat What's the matter?

Jack [*Throws* TINKLE *from him, who falls upon a chair, near table,* R.] The matter? Oh! [*Rushes out door in flat.*

Tin Oh, good gracious!

Sat What's the matter, papa, you seem agitated?

Tin Agitated! I should rather think I was.

Sat Well, but what is it?

Tin Never mind; only let me get out of this den.

Sat But where's my husband—where's he gone?

Tin Don't ask me, I've nothing to do with it; settle it among yourselves. Good bye! [*Going.*

Sat You shall not go till you've told me all.

Tin All! you want to know all? well, you shall—it isn't long; two words are enough. Robin's alive!

Sat Alive!

Tin He never fought at all—not such an ass. He said to himself, "I've had enough of that Mexican wild cat," and he asked that idiot, Jack Raggett, to come here and announce his death, and Jack Raggett was idiot enough to—

Sat Robin alive! Robin capable of such treachery—no—no—it's impossible! [*Crosses to* R.

Tin Impossible, is it? What if I were to tell you that he's already consoling himself with another!

Sat Another!

Tin Yes; he's at this very moment paying a visit to a fair lady—number ten, Bates' Buildings.

Sat Bates' Buildings—number ten! What, in the next street, and not at Boulogne?

Tin No—he has changed his residence; but not his morals.

Sat It's too horrible for belief!

Enter JACK, *door in flat.*

Jack [C.] Mrs. John Raggett; I had five sovereigns in my purse this morning; what have you done with them?

Sat [*Locks the door of her own room,* L., *and goes to the door in flat*] You shall know when I return.

Jack Where are you going?

Sat Number ten Bates' Buildings. [*Exit, door in flat.*

Jack Bates' Buildings! number ten—why how did she know. [*Turns to* TINKLE] This is your doing—Bates' Buildings! number ten! who could have told her? It must've been you—Bates' Buildings! That's Fanny Pottles's! what can she want there?

Tin She want's Robin, who is there—I saw him go in not ten minutes ago.

Jack [*Furious*] And you've had the infamy to [*Rushes at* TINKLE *and shakes him and then runs to the door*] Locked! Tinkle, she has locked us in! [*Rushes to bell-rope, pulling it*] Hannah! no bell! broken! everything's broken! my heart's broken!

Tin And my appointment broken. Wilkins is waiting for me—the ten minutes are gone.

Jack [*Rushing at* TINKLE] You old scoundrel, this is your doing! [TINKLE *runs, tumbling over the furniture*—JACK *pursuing him*—TINKLE *sinks into a chair,* L. *of* R. *table*—JACK *into a chair,* R. *of* L. *table*] You are beneath contempt.

Tin I'm glad to hear it.

Jack [*Calmly*] Tinkle, what's o'clock?

Tin What's o' what?

Jack What's o'clock.

Tin I don't know—I don't know anything.

Jack Can't you look at the clock? That's of no use! Where's my watch? nor that either—both wrong! everything's wrong! I'm wrong! you're wrong! my wife's wrong! [*Goes to window*] No signs of her. Tinkle, how long has she been gone?

Tin Gone! where? To Bates' Buildings! Oh, I don't know she can't be long—give her time—give her time!

Jack Time indeed! Time to my wife to go and see her infernal Robin—She's a nice article.

Tin Mr. Raggett, my daughter's incapable of—

Jack She's capable of anything.

Tin Yes, I believe she is. [*Aside*] I mustn't contradict; I don't want another shaking.

Jack What on earth induced you to tell her where he was gone ?

Tin I did it for the best—I thought it would soothe her.

Jack Oh, indeed ! and you thought it would soothe her to tell her that Robin was still alive.

Tin Of course I did—my intentions were good—it isn't my fault.

Jack [*Calmly*] Tinkle, what's o'clock ?

Tin I don't know, my watch has stopped.

Jack Everything's stopped ; there's a cat stopped. [*Lock*] Hush ! listen !

Tin She's unlocking the door.

Jack And she dares return ?

Tin Jack, be quiet—be calm and tranquil like me.

Jack I will ! [*Crosses—throws himself into chair*, R., *takes up a newspaper—puts his legs on another chair*] She shall see how calm I am.

Tin [*Aside*] They'll murder each other ! If I could only get away to my appointment.

Enter SATANELLA *in great agitation—looks at* TINKLE *and* JACK—*takes off her shawl and bonnet, throws them on the bed—comes down and looks again savagely at* TINKLE *and* JACK.

Sat Papa, leave us. [TINKLE *bolts out, door in flat, without a word, slamming door after him*—SATANELLA, *after remaining a moment looking at her husband, makes a sign of impatience, then bursts out*] I've seen Robin, sir ! [JACK *takes no notice*] But not alone—he was with a *party* in Bates' Buildings—number ten. They were just sitting down to lunch, sir ; in an instant I dragged off the table cloth, and broke everything to pieces ! [JACK *remains unmoved—she paces the room*] Why did you tell me he was dead ? But I know ; papa has told me all. It was that little wretch Robin's doing ! The monster fled from my love and gloried in my sorrow—unheard of cruelty ! unheard of infamy ! [*Seizes the chair upon which* JACK *has had his legs, and suddenly sits down upon it, face to face with* JACK] Jack, how shall we kill him ?

Jack What ?

Sat We've both been wrong ! I thought you were his assassin—I was mistaken. Let us bury the past in oblivion ; let us unite our powers for vengeance ! [*Jumps up*] Jack ! how shall we kill him ?

Jack You can't be serious !

Sat Oh, that I were in Mexico ! I wouldn't ask your assistance, there. In this stupid cold climate, a wife's honor belongs to her husband. A coxcomb has insulted your wife ; put it out of his power to repeat that insult—kill him !

Jack My blood runs cold !

Sat If Robin should kill you, I'll not survive you—with one hand I'll kill him, with the other myself ! We'll all three perish !

Jack You must be mad.

Sat Mad !

Jack You want me to fight Robin because he refused to marry you. By Jove ! I only wish he had.

Sat What !

Jack Fight him for that indeed ! No, no—not exactly.

Sat You refuse?

Jack With alacrity.

Sat Enough. I only ask the head of Robin to save your own; you refuse me such a trifle? We'll say no more about it.

Jack What do you mean?

Sat Robin still loves me. [JACK *makes a sign of disbelief—aside*] Will nothing pique him—I'll try. And I love Robin.

Jack What do you dare to tell me—? [*Seizing her by the arms*] Satanella! Tell me, Satanella, how in your beloved country—your adored Mexico—do they treat women of your sort?

Sat You hurt me, I tell you.

Jack You refuse to tell me? Then I'll tell you how we treat them in England.

Sat Let me go.

Jack We lock them up—we put them on bread and water—we make them ask pardon.

Sat Never.

Jack On their knees. [*Forces her down on her knees*] Now, listen to me. [*She tries to bite his hand*] Don't bite!—you thought you'd married a lamb—but you'll find out your mistake. Jack Raggett, the poor cockney, you'll find more ferocious than all the leopards of Mexico. [*She tries to bite*] Don't bite, I tell you.

Sat Oh!

Jack I give you one day to live; but take care—reflect—or tomorrow, I marry again. Now you may go.

[*Raises her and throws her from him.*

Sat [*Remains a moment immovable, looking fiercely around her, on a sudden, she springs towards the cupboard*] Ah! the pistol.

[*Rushes into cupboard*, R.

Jack Aha! [*Rushes after her and locks her in*] We lock them up.

Sat Open the door.

Jack [*Taking his hat*] I shall be back in three days. It will give you time for reflection.

[*As he is going out*, TINKLE *enters door in flat*—JACK *twists him round—he falls on table*, L.—*exit door in flat.*

Tin I knew it—while I was locked up here—Wilkins closed with somebody else. I've lost the house at Ealing. [SATANELLA *knocks at cupboard door*] What's that?

Sat Will you open the door?

Tin [*Aside*] My daughter locked up! [*At cupboard*] What are you doing there?

Sat Papa! papa! open the door.

Tin Why, who locked it? [*About to open door.*

Sat My husband!

Tin [*Walking away*] Oh! that's quite another matter.

Sat Open, I say.

Tin My dear child, a father-in-law must never interfere between man and wife.

Sat You refuse!

Tin It's a matter of politics—I'm a non-interventionist. I'll go back to the agents.

[*Exit door in flat, running against* HANNAH, *who enters.*

Sat Papa! What—gone! help—help—Hannah! Hannah!

Enter HANNAH, *door in flat, with tray, cloth, knives, plates, &c. Places them on chair,* L. *of* R. *table.*

Han What, missus in the cupboard. Is that you, ma'am?

Sat Hannah, open the door.

Han Yes, ma'am. [*Unlocking door*] Why, how in the world—?

Sat Thank you, Hannah, thank you. [HANNAH *lays cloth on table,* R.] Can I believe my senses? Was it really Jack? I didn't think it was in him. He mastered me after all. How grand he was in his anger! [*Turning to* HANNAH] What are you doing there?

Han I'm laying the cloth, ma'am.

Sat What, here?

Han Didn't you say you'd have dinner here, ma'am?

Sat Yes, yes—this morning I talked some nonsense of that sort, but now—[*knock at street door*]—hark, there's a knock at the door.

Han Shall I go and see who it is, ma'am?

Sat Of course—fly! Who can it be? [*Exit,* HANNAH, D. *in* F.] It can't be papa—it can't be my husband! If it should be Robin—yes, the sight of me rekindled his love. Oh! should it be—it must be he!

Enter HANNAH, *door in flat, with a paper.*

Han [*Down,* R] Oh, ma'am, who do you think it is? Mr. Robin himself.

Sat I knew it—I knew it. Where is he?

Han He's gone, ma'am; ran away as fast as his legs would carry him—but he gave me this paper for you.

Sat Give it me, quick. [HANNAH *lays cloth*] I wasn't deceived then; he loves me—I triumph—and will spurn him at my feet!

Han What's the matter now, I wonder?

Sat What's this? "1865—County Court—Robin Brittletop—Satanella Tinkle—the sum of £5 7*s.* 9*d.*—broken china, glass, &c.' Ah! [*Drops into a chair,* L. *table*—HANNAH *running to her.*

Han Oh, ma'am, ain't you well?

Tin [*Coming in door in flat with great precaution, and not seeing* SATANELLA] Hannah, is she still in the cupboard?

Sat [*Jumping up and going to him*] Papa! [TINKLE *trying to run away*] Stop!

Tin I'll come again, directly.

Sat No, papa, stop! Hannah leave us.

Han Yes, ma'am. [*Exit, door in flat.*

Tin No; not now, dear—I really can't stay. I've just got news of another villa—at Twickenham.

Sat Papa, I'm going to Mexico.

Tin What! with your husband!

Sat I've no husband!

Tin No husband! Where's Jack?

Sat I've had enough of husbands. I'm going to live all alone on a desert island.

Tin If you can find one. I wish I could. Desert islands are rather scarce now-a-days.

Sat And you shall go with me, papa.

Tin No, thank you.

Sat Do you refuse?

Tin I do.

Sat Enough—I go alone,

Tin But, my dear child—

Sat You've no child, and I've no father—no husband—no family. I go—farewell. [*Exit, door* L.

Tin [*Sees her out, then goes on very placidly*] Yes; I've just heard of a nice little villa at Twickenham, and if the place isn't too damp, I'll take it at once. I've got an appointment with the agent, and—

Enter JACK, *door in flat. Sees the cupboard door,* R. *open.*

Jack Oh! they've let her out—so much the better. Ah! there you are.

Tin Yes; I was just going—

Jack And so am I; I'm going.

Tin You—where?

Jack I don't know! Anywhere—everywhere—to the end of the world!

Tin Another desert island wanted.

Jack If you happen to see your daughter, tell her I'm dead.

Tin [*Quietly*] I will.

Jack Tell her that Robin has killed me. That will please her.

Tin I will.

Jack Now for my trunk. [*Going into cupboard.*

Tin [*Goes on with his speech placidly*] Yes, it's just at the entrance of Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, close to Hampton Court. It's the very thing for me. Now for the agent. [*Exit, door in flat.*

Sat [*With black leather bag, from door,* L.] Where's my shawl and bonnet?

Jack [*With portmanteau, from cupboard*] Where's my "Bradshaw?"

Sat Oh! here they are. [*Taking them from the bed.*

Jack [*Finding book on mantlepiece*] Oh! here it is.

Sat You here?

Jack [*Surprised*] There you are!

Sat Are you going away?

Jack I am.

Sat And so am I.

Jack Where are you going?

Sat Wherever you're not.

Jack Just my notion. [*Sits at table,* R., *and searches Bradshaw.*

Sat I'm going to Devonshire.
Jack Quite right—a warm climate. I'm going to Aberdeen.
Sat The best place for you—among the grouse.
Jack What train are you going by?
Sat The express.
Jack Express—Plymouth—there's none till eight o clock.
Sat No?
Jack Let's look at the Great Northern. Confound it, nothing till 8.30.
Sat What shall I do till eight o'clock?
Jack [*Jumping up*] A capital idea! I'll go and dine—that'll fill up the time. [*Takes portmanteau.*
Sat At the station? So will I. [*Takes up her bag.*
Jack I wish you a pleasant afternoon.
Sat Ditto. [*Both go to the door in flat, bow to each other to pass.*] Oh, sir!
Jack After you, madam.

Enter HANNAH, *with soup, door in flat.*

Han [*At door*] Here's the soup, ma'am. [*Takes it to table,* R.
Jack Soup? It smells nice.
Han Oh, it's first-rate, sir.
Sat [*Aside*] I shall stop here. [*Puts her bonnet and shawl on the bed.*
Jack [*Putting down his trunk*] I think I'll take a little soup.
[L. *of* R. *table.*
Sat [R. *of* R. *table*] What! are you going to—
Jack Oh, I beg your pardon! were you—
Sat Yes; I couldn't very well dine at the station alone.
Jack [*Taking up his trunk again*] You're quite right. Take the soup. I wish you a pleasant journey. [*Exit door in flat.*
Sat Thank you—same to you. What, has he really gone? Never mind, I'll have my dinner. [*Takes soup*] Horrid soup—I'm not in the least hungry. [*Throws down the spoon*] And why should I go to Devonshire?—its ridiculous! Why should I go at all? Besides, I know Devonshire by heart. Why shouldn't I go to Aberdeen too? —I'm very fond of grouse. Oh! that little wretch Robin! Here have I been doing all this to avenge his death, while he was sueing me in the county court—the monster!
Jack [*Outside*] Get me a cab, Hannah, as fast as you can.
Sat [*Sitting at table,* R.] It's his voice—he's coming back. I'm so glad!
Jack [*Entering door in flat*] I beg your pardon, madam—it's raining cats and dogs. You'll not object to my waiting here while Hannah fetches me a cab?
Sat Certainly not, and if you're hungry you'll find the soup excellent.
Jack Oh! is it?
Sat And if you're not afraid of being poisoned—
Jack [*Alarmed*] Eh? [*Laughing*] What an idea!
Sat Sit down.
Jack With pleasure—that is—no. I've seen too many plays

where husbands and wives who had quarrelled had the imprudence to dine together, and had the folly to make it up with each other before the cheese. Now that's not at all the—cheese for me.

Sat [*Offering soup*] Do you refuse?

Jack No, not exactly; but with your permission I'll take my plate a little way off.

Sat Where?

Jack On this table. [*Takes his plate, and sits at table,* L.

Sat As you please. Hadn't you better take it on the mat?

Jack Thank you, no, I shall do here. But tell me—what are you going away for?

Sat Because I can't stay where you are.

Jack But I'm going, too, so you can stop.

Sat What! all alone?

Jack No; with your father and the murdered Robin—

Sat Oh! if you mean to insult me—

Jack Why, didn't you tell me not ten minutes ago that you loved him still?

Sat But you didn't believe me. You know me well enough to guess that I'm not the woman to love a man who insults me. Won't you have a glass of wine? [*Pours one out.*

Jack Thank you. [*Takes it to table,* L.

Enter HANNAH, *with a partridge on dish.*

Han I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; but master sent me to fetch a cab. [*To* JACK.] It's at the door, sir.

Jack [*Putting down his glass*] Oh! very well. Madam, I—

Sat Hannah, leave us.

[HANNAH *exits, taking soup tureen, door in flat.*

Jack Now, madam, you'll excuse me if—

Sat One moment—oh! don't be alarmed, I'm not going to act out the scene of the--cheese; but before you go, some little explanation is necessary.

Jack Not at all!

Sat Oh, you've plenty of time. What does it matter, whether you dine here or at the station? [*Helping him*] Take a bit of partridge?

Jack I do feel a little hungry—have you any bread? [*Carries plate to table,* L.] But don't let us have any explanation now.

[*At table,* L.

Sat [*After a short pause*] I was a little passionate; but have you nothing to reproach yourself with?

Jack Oh, yes, a great deal! I was first to blame--I'd no business to undertake such a ridiculous mission; I confess I was wrong, and am sorry. Were you to say to me, "Prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"—I should reply boldly, "Guilty."

Sat You lent yourself to a disgraceful hoax, for the sake of wounding a woman's feelings.

Jack No, no—not so.

Sat Then what was your object?

Jack Well, I confess that Robin said such horrid things about you,

that I'd an irresistible curiosity to see you. The more a woman's abused, the more one longs to know her.

Sat What? [*Very sweetly*] Take another glass of wine.

Jack With pleasure. [*Crosses to* R. *table.*

Sat [*Drinking*] Think of the situation you placed me in. I believed you we Robin's assassin, and in that belief, what would you have had me do?

Jack [*Ironically*] You should have sent for the police.

Sat How should I know that?

Jack Instead of which, you say to yourself, "The man's a scoundrel, I'll marry him. If I put him in prison, he may escape; but marriage, there's no escape from that."

Sat Oh, yes, there is. You see yourself, you're going to escape it this moment.

Jack Escape, do you call it? Can I give to another the name which I've already given to you? Impossible. I may forget you, certainly, though that will take some time. Oh! I know what I'm talking about. Why, this very morning I loved you. Oh! I confess it. The very faults of some women make you love them the more; and that was your case. You wept with rage when I left you, and I wept, like a fool, as I was, with regret, with love. Oh! it's stupid enough, but so it was—men are such fools—but it's all over now.

Sat [*Without answering him, runs and opens window,* L. *Throws money out*] Coachman, there's half-a-crown for you—go away.

Jack Go away? why that's my cab!

Sat Jack, don't go—I love you!

Jack What?

Sat You mustn't go.

Jack What! I mustn't?

Sat I ask pardon upon my knees. [*Kneeling.*

Jack [*Kneeling*] You, on your knees!

Sat I was wrong, I own it.

Jack No, not at all, it was me.

Sat No—forgive me.

Jack Forgive you!—and your sprained ankle?

Sat [*Smiling*] Quite well.

Jack You'll never have another?

Sat Never.

Jack My dear little wife!

Sat My darling husband! [*They embrace kneeling.*

Enter TINKLE, *door in flat.*

Tin Good gracious! they're murdering each other.

Jack [*Getting up*] No, quite the contrary.

Sat Oh, papa! I adore my husband!

Jack I idolize my wife!

Tin Nonsense.

Jack Yes, I think she's quite un-Mexicanized.

Tin So much the better; for I just came to tell you that I've settled for Twickenham.

Enter HANNAH, *door in flat.*

Han [*To* JACK] Sir, your cab's driven away; shall I fetch another?

Jack Yes, get one for father-in-law; he wants to take away his things.

Tin And now I hope we shall be calm and tranquil.

Sat Oh, yes, papa, quite tranquil. Eh, Jack—you are not afraid of me, are you? I know I'm passionate, but it's soon over again, isn't it, dear?

Jack Yes, and it comes soon over again, dear.

Sat [*To Audience*] Ladies and Gentlemen! don't judge me too harshly. If I've been a tigress to-night, you must blame the author and not me. At home, I can assure you, I'm a perfect *lamb*. [*Turning to* JACK] Ask him! No, perhaps he's not exactly the one to apply to; but believe me, in spite of my talk about daggers and pistols, in reality, I should not have the heart to kill even a poor little "COCK ROBIN."

HANNAH.	JACK.	SATAN.	TINKLE.
B.	C.		L.

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